

The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
THE OLDEST DAILY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CONNECTICUT.

DELIVERED BY CARRIERS IN THE CITY, 15 CENTS A WEEK, 60 CENTS A MONTH, \$2 FOR SIX MONTHS, \$4 A YEAR. THE SAME TERMS BY MAIL.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL, Issued Thursdays, One Dollar a Year.

THE CARRINGTON PUBLISHING CO. OFFICE 400 STATE STREET.

Advertising Rates.

Situations, Wants, Rents and other small advertisements, One Cent a Word each insertion. Five cents a word for a full week (seven insertions). One week, \$3.00; one month, \$10.00; one year, \$80.00.

Display Advertisements—Per inch, one insertion, \$1.50; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents; one week, \$3.00; one month, \$10.00; one year, \$80.00.

Obituary notices, in prose or verse, 15 cents per line. Notices of Births, Marriages, Deaths and Funerals, 50 cents each. Local notices, 15 cents per line.

Yearly advertisers are limited to their own immediate business (all matter to be unobjectionable), and their contracts do not include Want, To Let, For Sale, etc.

Discounts—On two inches or more, one month and over, 10 per cent; on four inches or more, one month and over, 15 per cent.

Notice.

We cannot accept anonymous or return rejected communications. In all cases the name of the writer will be required, not for publication, but as a guarantee good faith.

Waistcoats made of paper are the latest.

A Scotch newspaper speaks of Mrs. Lease as "one of those strange men, found frequently in America, who write under a feminine nom de plume."

Evaporated potato is the latest food product of the Pacific Coast. A Washington concern engaged in the business of preparing evaporated apples and prunes has been experimenting with potatoes and finds that, prepared in this way, they will keep good for an indefinite time and retain practically all their food value.

The Supreme court of Missouri has handed down an opinion declaring unconstitutional the law which forbids the discharge of employees of corporations for their connection with labor organizations. The court holds that the law is a species of class legislation, which discriminates against the non-union employee. The law was enacted two years ago and provides penalties of fine and imprisonment.

"The most lamentable wrecks which I have seen in the thirty odd years since I was graduated," said Mr. Depew in his address to the college students at Nashville, "have been the men who have abandoned everything for the public service, only to be thrown out by the changes of politics, and to find that their place in the professional and business world had been occupied by younger men, leaving them helpless and stranded."

Business is business. A woman drummer for a St. Louis vineyard manufacturer is touring the Northwest on a bicycle and in stunning Parisian bloomers. She started from St. Louis last January and had reached Seattle a week or so ago. She sends postal cards ahead of her to the grocers saying she will "wheel into town about next week," and asking them to save their orders for her. She is creating a sensation, and selling lots of vinegar.

London lost its trade in cheap watches by the obstinate stupidity of trades union workmen, says Mr. Booth. "The Swiss makers contrived the horizontal escapement, but London makers would not budge, and later held out also against the Lancashire lever escapement. Nor would they hear of machine work. A company for the use of machinery was opposed by Clerkenwell influence, and, failing to obtain a charter, was transferred to the United States, where it has been the pioneer of the modern factory system."

Victoria, queen of Great Britain and empress of India, has just given her royal and parental consent to one of her relatives entering upon a professional career in order to earn her living on the public stage. In an English paper the following business-like announcement appears among its court news: "A member of the queen's family is about to go on the stage as a professional singer, Countess Valda Gleichen, the daughter of the late Prince Victor, of Hohenlohe, the queen's nephew, more remarkable for her voice than her pocketbook, finds herself compelled to make her own living by singing."

There are more ways than one to do some things. By the terms of the first of the existing wills of the late James G. Fair whoever contests it forfeits any rights under it, and the provision has given Charles Fair considerable trouble. Another feature of this will that none of the heirs like is the trust provision, by which all the property of the estate is to be controlled by designated trustees during their lifetime. To help the heirs out of these difficulties the California Legislature passed a law at its last session which fits their case exactly. The bill was introduced by one of the attorneys in the case, rushed through both houses by the aid of other attorneys and their friends, and signed by Governor Budd, who has himself been retained in the interest of the Fair heirs.

People in St. Louis are predicting that the Pingree potato plan and the free-coinage scheme will tie together from

the same cause. Both have had a run of popularity in that city, but both are now on the wane. Their only hope of a thriving existence was based upon the continuance of hard times and the lack of remunerative employment. The potato plan was started early in the season, and a considerable amount of uncultivated land was ploughed and put in condition to be used by the poor of the city in raising vegetables for their own sustenance. Seeds and tools were furnished in abundance, and all that was needed was the co-operation of destitute families. But here came the hitch. Only a few applications were made for the vacant lots, and investigation into the cause shows that people who a few months ago were seeking for employment, almost destitute, are now hard at work and are earning good wages. Some there are, of course, who choose to live as mendicants, but these are not of the class to make successful Pingree farmers, though they make good free-coinage advocates. St. Louis would be willing to part with them for a song, and the city is also ready to sell a valuable collection of hoes, spades and other implements of the Pingree art.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Recent events in this State have indicated how difficult it may be to show that representatives of the people have been bribed to take a certain course of action. Of course, we do not mean by this remark to indicate that any representative of the people in this State has been bribed. All we want to do is to call attention to the fact that when representatives of the people are bribed they do not usually leave themselves any more exposed to discovery than they can help. So it is not often that there is anything but circumstantial evidence that there has been bribery, and even that evidence is usually slim. Occasionally, however, an investigating committee will become quite "warm" as the hunt proceeds. The people of Philadelphia are much interested in a case of this kind. What is called the mutual automatic telephone bill slipped or was pushed through the city council, and the committee which has been investigating the matter has found some remarkable coincidences. The transfer books of the company showed that \$337,300 of stock had been assigned, and the report of the investigating committee says: Of this amount the following blocks had been issued to Julian C. Gale, a minor employee of the company: 75 blocks of 6 shares each, 25 lots of 50 shares each, and 4 lots of 500 shares each. It is very significant that the 75 lots of 6 shares correspond closely with three-fifths of the number of members of Common council, and that the 25 lots of 50 shares each correspond similarly with the membership of Select council. The four blocks of 500 shares may have been prepared for influential officers of these bodies. It is to be remembered that three-fifths of the members elected are necessary to pass a measure over a veto, hence a veto appears to have been expected, though not realized, from Mayor Stuart.

The suspected men have made oath that they have not been bribed, and the committee has recommended that the whole affair be submitted to the Penrose Senate committee for further investigation and authoritative action. It is possible that the remarkable coincidences above noted will be entirely explained away and the dangers that lurk in circumstantial evidence receive a new illustration.

THE NEW MAN.

It is reasonable to expect that as the New Woman comes to the front the corresponding New Man will put in an appearance. He is already cropping out here and there, and he will soon be well known. He moves in sight the other day on a train of cars in New Jersey, and proceeded to make himself comfortable just as the New Woman is in the habit of doing. And in the process he paid just as much attention to the notions of the New Woman as the New Woman does to the notions of the Old Man. It was a warm day and he took off his coat. A New Woman who was in the car was horrified at the lack of respect for her which this action showed and she protested. The New Man, not having those feelings of chivalry which the Old Man had, paid no attention to the protest, but calmly proceeded to unbutton his collar and vest. This was entirely too much for the New Woman. She didn't faint and she did deliver a most feeling oration on the respect due her sex. The New Man laughed and continued to mind his own business. The New Woman got madder and madder and finally when the train reached Newark she had the New Man arrested. He explained the matter to the judge before whom he was brought and he was promptly released. The New Woman is busy planning how to enforce the politeness that was once freely and gladly bestowed upon her.

The New Man has also appeared in Chicago, and in a very impressive way too. He is figuring in a divorce suit brought against him by his wife. She complains that for the last six years he has insisted on moving at least three times a year. In the old days it was the woman in such cases who had the moving habit and all the Old Man had to do was to move whenever she couldn't get along with the neighbors, the neighbors' children or the neighbors' chickens, cats or dogs. It is a queer and significant thing to see the New Man afflicted with the moving

mania. It shows what a reversal of conditions there has been and indicates what is ahead.

The other day in a New Jersey divorce court a New Man complained of his wife because she wasn't at home enough. She had too much public business to attend to and stayed out attending to it. Formerly it was the Old Man who didn't get home until after all the other places were shut up, and he was frequently complained of for his vile and base conduct in this respect. Now the New Man has begun to do the complaining.

New times, new ways. It is to be hoped that the New Man will not take to corsets, hysterics and complexion makers, but it will not be very surprising if he does unless the New Woman lets up on him.

FASHION NOTES.

Get Away Gowns.

Folks go to a summer resort for rest and quiet. They want it a pretty spot, of course, with shade, fishing, bathing, plenty of fruit and milk and all the rest the advertisements promise. Then when they get there they develop immediately a craze for picnics and excursions. They are not happy a minute unless they are planning a straw ride to a barren spot ten or a dozen miles away, or a sail to some desert island, or they depart into the woods and "camp" bereft of every comfort. The one wild craze of summer boarders is to get away from a place after they have once reached there. Aside from the wear and tear on brain and muscle that results from this arduous search for ease,



a severe trial comes for the wardrobe that cannot furnish a separate gown for each such rough usage, and since the latter is sure to come, it is advisable to plan attire that, while at least near enough to being dressy to be correctly styled jaunty, is capable of withstanding the roughest kind of wear. A suggestion for this sort of get-up is conveyed in the accompanying sketch, and while full concession is made to prevailing styles, materials and cut are aimed at durability. Brown cloth is the fabric, though tans and blue will do as well, only the latter is now in great favor for this use, and the skirt needs no description. A short ripple basque finishes the jacket bodice, which fastens with a single button. It opens over a waist with vest, or may be worn with shirt waists, and has double revers that may be faced with silk or left plain. As sketched the standing collar is trimmed with a double row in the back and the sleeves have double bell cuffs.

The vogue for straight locks robs the seashore of a chief terror for the summer girl. Whether she will wear her side combs in the surf is a question, but it is noticeable that the maids who have handsome combs make almost any sacrifice for the sake of displaying them.

FLORETTE.

COMMUNICATIONS.

In Favor of a Needed Reform.
To the Editor of the JOURNAL AND COURIER.
I was much interested in "Kango's" communication in your issue of the 17th and should have replied earlier had I not been otherwise engaged. I heartily concur with his statements—relating to the subject of making the miserable "rounders," who find comfortable quarters and good living during the winter months in our palatial county house, where they have better food and accommodations than they do outside of the jail walls, and those drunken vagabonds, wife beaters, etc., who get sent up 60 or 90 days until the "forty rods" gets out of them; and how soon they get back again. My plan would be to put these fellows to work, not in the jail house, where they compete with honest labor, but put them into a stone quarry and in the ditches under a good overseer, with chain and ball, if necessary. I think this procedure would lessen the needs of extended jail accommodations. The improvement suggested by Kango at the foot of East Rock would be just the place to commence operations of this nature. The suggestion is a good one, and I hope to see the project started. To me the whole matter is feasible. Let us have it started at once. I know that I voice the sentiment of a good many taxpayers in this direction.

REFORM.

FAR.

She, from a book—A woman's brain declines in weight after she is 30. How do they know? I thought a woman never got to be 30.—Detroit Free Press.

"Willie, do you know what the Eastern season is especially noted for?" "Yes; it's the only season of the year when the hens lay colored eggs."—Harlem Life.

Customer—I like that umbrella stand, but I don't think it is worth three dollars. Salesman—Why, madam, the very first umbrella that is left in it may be worth more than that.—Puck.

Uncle John—Jimmie, if I were to take one dollar and divide it into four parts, and give a quarter to each of your brothers, what would be left? Jimmie—I would.—Harper's Round Table.

Not the Kind She Wanted.—Teacher—Children, you should always respect

your teacher. Now, Willy Green, tell me why you should always respect me. Willy—On account of your age.—Puck.

Steamship Clerk—Do you want a saloon passage? Colonel Winterblossom (from Kentucky)—Well, I should say I did. You didn't suppose I would go any other way, did you?—Detroit Free Press.

Walk O. Nights—Doctor, what is a simple remedy for sleeplessness? Doctor—Let the person count till he falls asleep. Walk O. Nights—He can't count. It's the baby.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Mr. Newwed (wearily)—My dear, here's \$20 which I have saved by giving up smoking. I wish you would take it and get some experienced housekeeper to teach you how to cook. Mrs. Newwed (delightedly)—How good of you, my darling. I'll send for mother.—New York Weekly.

Fuddy—They tell me that Mart Tenny has reformed, and that he isn't drinking any more. Of course not; how in time could he?—Boston Transcript.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "am so far aghast at day that possibly they'll get up at night to see the dawn of discoveries."—Washington Star.

"Are you aware, sir," said an irate nobleman in Yorkshire to a farmer whom he thought wanting in proper respect, "are you aware, sir, that my ancestors came over with the Conqueror?" "And if they did," replied the farmer, "I reckon they found mine here when they came."—Chicago News.

Extraordinary Gratitude.—Convalescent—Doctor, what is your bill? Physician—One hundred dollars, madam.

Convalescent (paying 10)—I am sure I can never be grateful enough to you, doctor. If it had not been for your care and skill I should have been an angel by this time, and what would have become of little Fido?—Chicago Tribune.

AARON BURR'S DAUGHTER.

Did She Meet Her Death at the Hands of Ocean Pirates—A Chain of Evidence, Containing Some Links of Sand, Indicating That This May Have Been the Beautiful Woman's Fate.

(From the Philadelphia Record.)
Elkton, Md., June 4.—The story of how Aaron Burr's only child, beautiful young Theodosia, met her death at the hands of ocean pirates years ago, and how that fact was only recently established by the discovery of a portrait of her, rescued from the schooner from whence she was thrown into the sea, is told in print herewith for the first time. Involving, as it does, the deathbed confession of one of the pirates who drowned the young woman, the tale seems more like fiction than verified history; but there are persons living hereabouts who have verified it in detail, and who will vouch for its accuracy.

Theodosia Burr, a young woman of unusual mental attainments, was married to the son of Judge Alston of South Carolina, a relative of Washington Alston, the celebrated historical portrait painter. Mr. and Mrs. Alston resided on their plantation near Charleston. When Aaron Burr contemplated returning from the extended visit he made to Europe after his trial, he wrote to Mrs. Alston, to whom he was devotedly attached, asking her to meet him in New York on his arrival there. Mr. Alston, engaged with the business of the plantation, found it impossible to accompany his wife. There being no railroads in those days, and Mr. Alston, deeming that a summer trip from Charleston to New York by sea would be less irksome to his wife than a stage journey by land, chartered a coasting schooner. In this Mrs. Alston set out. She took with her, as a present to her father, a beautiful painting of herself. But she never reached New York, and down to the present day the fate of Aaron Burr's only child has been a matter of speculation among historians, some contending that the vessel and all on board were lost at sea, others asserting that Mrs. Alston fell into the hands of pirates who in those days infested the Atlantic coast.

But the mystery has at last been cleared up. Its accuracy is vouched for by the former pastor of the Episcopal church, Elkton, a clergyman well-known throughout Maryland and the Middle States.

About five years ago this clergyman was visiting in his native state, North Carolina, and for several days was the guest of the widow of Dr. William Poole, near Elizabeth City. Above the mantelpiece in Dr. Poole's parlor was an old-fashioned portrait, exquisitely executed, of a beautiful young woman, dressed in white. It so greatly interested the clergyman that he asked Mrs. Poole whom it was intended to represent. She then gave the following story:

Eight years previously, she said, Dr. Poole had taken his family to pass the summer at the little coast town of Nag's Head, N. C., where the United States man-of-war Huron came to grief. The place is largely populated by "bankers"—generally a rough class of men, who mainly earn a livelihood by picking up all species of flotsam and jetsam along the coast. One of these "bankers," however, was a very respectable and very old fellow, named Mann. His wife was suffering from a complication of diseases, and Dr. Poole, after great interest in her case, under his treatment she recovered, and as a token of gratitude to the doctor presented him with the painting which so greatly interested the clergyman. Mrs. Mann said her husband had recovered it from a wreck. When quite a young man he was walking along the shore one morning. His attention was then called to a coasting schooner under full sail, bearing swiftly down upon the dangerous bar, which, in later years, occasioned the loss of the Huron. With other "bankers" Mann put out to her assistance.

They boarded the schooner, but found that the only living thing aboard was a little black and tan dog. Careful inspection of the schooner proved nothing as to her antecedents. Even her name was not ascertainable. But one of the cabins had been very recently occupied by a woman, and in this cabin was the painting which Mrs. Mann gave Dr. Poole, and which Mann appropriated as his share of the salvage. The schooner shortly afterward went to pieces.

Dr. Poole was an enthusiastic student of national matters. He felt certain that the picture had a very valuable history, and formed a suspicion that it might have represented the mysterious-

ly lost daughter of Aaron Burr. He put himself in communication with several historical societies on the matter, but his theory found little weight, in spite of a family likeness being admitted.

As the clergyman upon whose authority this story is given, was returning from a recent visit to Mrs. Poole, while driving from that lady's house to Elizabeth City to take the cars home, he met a young man, whom he knew to be very bashful and much afraid of the gentler sex, driving a strange woman in a buggy toward Mrs. Poole's residence. In a letter to Mrs. Poole shortly afterward he good-naturedly referred to the incident and to the young fellow's evident embarrassment.

This brought from Mrs. Poole another chapter in the story of the beautiful picture. The strange woman was a descendant of the Burr family, who resides in Detroit, Mich. Her name has temporarily escaped the clergyman's memory. She had been visiting at Virginia Beach, Va., where she had heard of Mrs. Poole's mysterious daughter, and she was destined to a present to her father—and that the unfortunate woman was drowned by pirates. This, in substance, is the Detroit woman's story.

With her mother in Detroit formerly resided her mother's aged aunt, a humane woman, who gave up much time to visiting the poor and sick. One evening, in one of the wards of the Marine hospital of that city, was a dying sailor, who seemed terribly startled as the aunt, in company with others, approached his bedside. He beckoned her to him, however, and after begging that she alone of the visitors might hear what he had to say—a request which the others granted by retiring to the next ward—he stated that as a young man he had one summer been on a pirate vessel off the North Carolina coast. He then went on to say that he had then helped to overhaul a north-bound coasting schooner.

On the vessel was a beautiful young feminine passenger, dress all in white. He had assisted in dragging her from her cabin, in which was hanging up a painting of herself. While the pirates were engaged in throwing the crew overboard he noted that this beautiful young lady paced the deck, with magnificent courage and dignity, her hands folded on her breast and her eyes raised to heaven. She made no remonstrance whatever, and she steadied the plank upon which she walked to the vessel's side, thence to be plunged headlong into the ocean. He wanted to take away her picture and her dog—a little black and tan fellow—but dared not to touch either. After the pirates had plundered the schooner of money and other treasures, they abandoned the vessel, having set it under full sail, to drift to its doom with the picture and the dog aboard.

The dying sailor said that the young woman's sweet face had haunted him throughout life, and his confession was prompted by a striking resemblance between her and his elderly sister.

Mrs. Poole's visitor stated that the sailor's story had been for years a current tradition of the descendants of Burr's family, though they had hitherto paid very little attention to it. Its extraordinary corroboration by the accidental meeting of these two women appears to settle forever the recent mystery as to the death of Mrs. Alston. The Detroit woman says that the subject of the painting is beyond doubt Aaron Burr's daughter—a statement corroborated by other pictures of that

When it comes to
California CLARET
it may pay you to look over our brands.
Every bottle leaves us with our name on the label and our guarantee behind the name.

EDW. E. HALL & SON,
770 Chapel St.

Duck Trowsers
\$1.50.

These garments are made in our factory of Shrunken cloth; the seams are felled and doubly sewn and are

GUARANTEED NOT TO RIP OR FRAY

In the laundrying. They are offered at this price as a

LEADER, and are our Best Grade.

CHASE & CO.
SHIRTMAKERS,
New Haven House Building.

unfortunate woman in her possession, as also by still others belong to the Alston family.

The Bicycle the Proper Thing.
The rapid development of the present interest in bicycling among people of wealth and leisure in America is perhaps its most striking feature. Scarcely a year has elapsed since the first woman known at all in and to the fashionable world of New York rode her wheel along the Boulevard and through Central Park, and this she did amid all manner of adverse comment from and by her associates. A few society men—so called—of an adventurous and athletic turn of mind rode the well-remembered "high wheel" apologetically for some years, and some few again essayed the safety bicycle when it was first invented. These two were jeered at by their fellows, and, with few exceptions, soon abandoned a sport in which they did not find congenial companionship. The society world, which in this generation had taken up croquet, roller-skating and lawn tennis in turn with avidity, and tired of them in succession, watched with languid glances the bicyclists seen in the streets and met within its drives and rides—was rather disposed to grumble at them as a nuisance, and to silently approve all measures to restrict their privileges. It was for the most part ignorant of the rapid development of the sport, of the capital invested in bicycle manufacture, of tournaments, and leagues, and classes. It sneered and laughed at women riders of the wheel, and was as far away from even the idea of adopting the wheel itself a year ago as it was before the invention of the safety bicycle.

It was a New York physician's wife who first learned to ride a year ago, and became the pioneer among fashionable wheel-women, and her example and that of her husband was soon followed by other well-known New York men and women.—James B. Townsend, in Scribner.

When a shawl strap is needed to wrap about the lunch for that straw ride—he produces that strap. When the sun has burned somebody's nose red, or a strain resulting from running occurs, he produces from that bag a bottle of Witch Hazel.

When they get to the cool spring in the woods he produces a neat Telescope Drinking Cup.

When a guest has the "sniffles" from sitting on the front piazza with nothing around her, he gets from that bag a bottle of Petrolia Amber.

Is there any wonder that this man has a happy vacation?

Now here is the

Bag!

We have them big enough for most purposes for less than a dollar.

We have all the necessities, more than the young man took with him and an outfit need not rest its feet on a trunks, for instance, costs 50c.

But we have dressed a window with all these vacation suggestions which is worth seeing, and the time to remember them is now!

Procrastination is the thief of a good time.

Detachable Hat Bands—the fashionable kind, 25c

The cost for Ladies' Duck Vests starts at 10c

The beautiful Medallions—Photographs on glass—that the art stores sell from \$1 to \$5 and \$7, we offer at from 25c to 1.50

The subjects are mostly copies from the Old Masters.

West Store, Main Floor

F. M. Brown & Co.

HOTELS, RESTAURANTS AND Shore Houses

Supplied with the finest grades of Teas and Coffees imported at

LOWEST PRICES.

Coffees roasted fresh daily and ground to order.

Goodwin's Tea & Coffee Store,

344 State Street, Yale National Bank Building.

\$25,000

To Loan on Real Estate

At Five Per Cent.

IN SUMS TO SUIT.

JOHN E. LOMAS,

817 Chapel St.

F. M. BROWN & CO.

GRAND CENTRAL SHOPPING EMPORIUM.
F. M. BROWN, D. S. GAMBLE.

F. M. BROWN & CO.

Our front door Bulletins mean just what they say

The Man most Admired

at the vacation resorts, is not one who sings "Remember Me" so shivery that the stars retire and weep, but it is the clever fellow who is supplied with the necessities.

When he meets the guests at breakfast his hair has been combed and brushed, his teeth cared for because he brought these necessities in his valise.

If a young lady guest faints, he brings from his valise a bottle of Bay Rum.

Before the party starts on the early morning tramp he pulls out of that bag a flask of malaria defier.

When they get to the cool spring in the woods he produces a neat Telescope Drinking Cup.

When a guest has the "sniffles" from sitting on the front piazza with nothing around her, he gets from that bag a bottle of Petrolia Amber.

Is there any wonder that this man has a happy vacation?

Now here is the

Bag!

We have them big enough for most purposes for less than a dollar.

We have all the necessities, more than the young man took with him and an outfit need not rest its feet on a trunks, for instance, costs 50c.

But we have dressed a window with all these vacation suggestions which is worth seeing, and the time to remember them is now!

Procrastination is the thief of a good time.

Detachable Hat Bands—the fashionable kind, 25c

The cost for Ladies' Duck Vests starts at 10c

The beautiful Medallions—Photographs on glass—that the art stores sell from \$1 to \$5 and \$7, we offer at from 25c to 1.50

The subjects are mostly copies from the Old Masters.

West Store, Main Floor

F. M. Brown & Co.

HOTELS, RESTAURANTS AND Shore Houses

Supplied with the finest grades of Teas and Coffees imported at

LOWEST PRICES.

Coffees roasted fresh daily and ground to order.

Goodwin's Tea & Coffee Store,

344 State Street, Yale National Bank Building.

\$25,000

To Loan on Real Estate

At Five Per Cent.

IN SUMS TO SUIT.

JOHN E. LOMAS,

817 Chapel St.